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FOR THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

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Thus the MacLeods, a powerful and numerous clan, who had extensive estates on the mainland, made themselves masters, at a very early period, of a great part of the large island of Skye, seized upon much of the Long Island, as the isles of Lewis and Harris are called, and fought fiercely with the MacDonnells, and other tribes of the islands. The following is an example of the mode in which these feuds were conducted.

About the end of the sixteenth century, a boat, manned by one or two of the MacLeods, landed in Eigg, a small island, peopled by the MacDonnells. They were at first hospitably received; but having been guilty of some incivility to the young women on the island, it was so much resented by the inhabitants, that they tied the MacLeods hand and foot, and putting them on board of their own boat, towed it to sea and set it adrift, leaving the wretched men, bound as they were, to perish by famine, or by the winds and waves, as chance should determine.

But fate so ordered it, that a boat belonging to the Laird of MacLeod fell in with that which had the captives on board, and brought them in safety to the Laird's castle of Dunvegan in Skye, where they complained of the injury which they had sustained from the MacDonnells of Eigg. MacLeod, in great rage, put to sea with his galleys, manned by a large body of his people, which the men of Eigg could not entertain any rational hope of resisting. Learning that their incensed enemy was approaching with superior forces, and deep vows of revenge, the inhabitants, who knew they had no mercy to expect at MacLeod's hands, resolved, as the best chance of safety in their power, to conceal themselves in a large cavern on the sea shore.

This place was particularly well calculated for that purpose. The entrance resembles that of a fox-earth, being an opening so small that a man cannot enter save by creeping on hands and knees. A rill of water falls from the top of the rock, and serves, or rather served at the period we speak of, wholly to conceal the aperture. A stranger, even when apprised of the existence of such a cave, would find the greatest difficulty in discovering the entrance. Within the cavern rises to a great height, and the floor is covered with white dry sand. It is extensive enough to contain a great number of people. The whole inhabitants of Eigg, who, with their wives and families, amounting to nearly two hundred souls, took refuge within its precincts.

MacLeod arrived with his armament, and landed on the island, but could discover no one on whom to wreak his vengeance—all was desert. The MacLeods destroyed the huts of the islanders, and plundered what property they could discover; but the vengeance of the chieftain could not be satisfied with such petty injuries. He knew that the inhabitants must either have fled in their boats to one of the islands possessed by the MacDonnells, or that they must be concealed somewhere in Eigg. After making a strict but unsuccessful search for two days, MacLeod had appointed the third to leave his anchorage, when, in the grey of the morning, one of the seamen beheld from the deck of his galley the figure of a man on the island. This was a spy whom the MacDonnells, impatient of their confinement in the cavern, had imprudently sent out to see whether MacLeod had retired or no. The poor fellow, when he saw himself discovered, endeavored, by doubling, after the manner of a hare or fox, to obliterate the track of his footsteps, and prevent its being discovered where he had re-entered the cavern. But all his art was vain; the invaders again landed, and tracked him to the entrance of the cavern.

MacLeod then summoned those who were within it, and called upon them to deliver up the individuals who had maltreated his men, to be disposed of at his pleasure. The MacDonnells, still confident in the strength of their fastness, which no assailant could enter but on hands and knees, refused to surrender their clansmen.

MacLeod then commenced a dreadful work of indiscriminate vengeance. He caused his people, by means of a ditch cut above the top of the rock, to turn away the stream of water which fell over the entrance to the precipice. This being done, the MacLeods collected all the combustibles which could be found on the island, particularly quantities of dry heather, piled them up against the aperture, and maintained an immense fire for many hours, until the smoke, penetrating into the most recesses of the cavern, stifled to death every creature within. There is no doubt of the truth of this story, dreadful as it is. The cavern is often visited by strangers; and I have myself seen the place where the bones of the murdered MacDonnells still remain, lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church.

RAILROAD FROM BOSTON TO ALBANY. The report of the board of Directors of internal improvement of Massachusetts, on the proposed rail road from Boston to the Hudson river, and from Boston to Providence, is now in possession of the members of the Legislature. The report is accompanied with the reports of the engineers and with engraved plans, exhibiting all the surveys made for the Providence route, and the principal survey of the Western route, together with profiles, exhibiting the amount of elevation to be overcome.

The views first presented by the report are of a general character. The best mode of overcoming the heights to be passed on the western route, is examined. The route selected as the best, under all circumstances for the rail road from Boston to the Hudson river, passes through Worcester and Springfield, and terminates at

Albany. The distance 198 miles, of which 13 miles are level, and in travelling towards Albany 94 1-2 miles are descending, 41 1-2 miles have an ascent not exceeding 26 feet per mile, 25 miles have an ascent of different rates from 26 to 25 feet per mile, and the remaining 24 miles an ascent of 52 to 80 feet per mile. In travelling from Albany to Boston, 99 1-2 miles are descending, 45 1-2 ascending more than 26 feet per mile, 21 1-2 ascending from 26 to 52 feet per mile, and 27 3-4 miles from 52 to 80 feet. Eight tons net weight are considered an average load for a single horse on the level parts, and parts ascending not over 26 feet per mile, travelling 19 or 20 miles per day; 5 tons for the parts ascending from 26 to 52 feet, travelling 10 miles per day ascending, and returning the same distance; and 4 tons for the parts ascending 52 to 80 feet.

The estimate of the whole expense, contingencies included, is \$16,424 77 per mile. At this rate, the cost of making the road from Boston to the border of the state of New York, on the line which forms the basis of the estimates, would be \$2,628,628 64, and of carrying it to the city of Albany, \$3,254,876 46. The expense of transportation from Boston to Albany is estimated at \$1 59 cents per mile, the road being made with stationary powers, and at \$1 97, the road being made without stationary powers. It is estimated that, taking into view the cost of transportation, as above stated, the tolls can be placed at such a rate, as to reduce the whole expense of transportation from Albany, on the rail road, below what it now is by sloop navigation. The transportation of passengers is also made the subject of some calculations, and the results are satisfactory. On the whole, the report exhibits considerations and results as favorable as could have been anticipated, and such as ought to urge every friend to the great interests of our commonwealth to give to the great undertaking such encouragement, as shall ensure not only its commencement but its ultimate success.—Boston Patriot.

Our first extract describes Vidocq's attempt to escape from the prison of the Bagne, and a fearful sketch of the alarming strait in which a fellow-prisoner was placed, whose daring led him into an adventure of still greater danger.

As for me, always occupied with the idea of escaping from the Bagne and reaching a seaport whence I could embark, I was night and day plotting the means of getting away from Bicetre. I at length imagined that by breaking through the quadrangle of Fort-Mahon, and reaching the water courses made under it, we might, by means of a short mine, get into the court of the ideots I have before alluded to, whence there would be no difficulty in reaching the outside. This project was executed in ten days and as many nights. During the whole time the prisoners of whom we had any distrust, were always accompanied by a trusty man; but we were obliged to wait until the moon should be on the wane. At length, on the 3d of October 1797, at two o'clock in the morning, we descended the water-course, thirty-three in number, provided with dark lanterns, and we soon opened the subterranean passage and reached the court of the ideots. We wanted a ladder, or something instead of it, to climb the walls; and at last got hold of a long pole, and we were going to draw lots to decide who should first climb up, when a noise of chains suddenly broke the silence of the night.

A dog came out from a kennel placed in an angle of the court; we stood motionless and held our breath, for it was an important moment. After having stretched himself out and yawned, as if he had only wanted to change place, the animal put one foot into his kennel as if about to return, and we then thought ourselves saved. Suddenly he turned his head to the place in which we were huddled together, and fixed on us two eyes which looked like burning coals. A low growling was then followed by barking which sounded all over the place. Desfousseux wished to try to cut his throat, but he was of a size to render the issue of a contest doubtful. It appeared best to us to lie down in a large open space, which served as a walking ground for the ideots; but the dog still kept up the concert, and his colleagues having joined him, the din became so excessive that the inspector Giroux, fancying something particular was passing among his lodgers, and knowing his customers, began his round at Fort-Mahon, and almost fell backwards at finding no one. At his cries the jailor, turnkeys, and guards, all assembled. They soon discovered the road we had taken, and taking the same to get into the court of the ideots, they loosed the dog who ran straight at us. The guards then entered the place where we were with fixed bayonets, as if about to carry a redoubt. They put handcuffs upon us, the usual prelude of any important matter to be done in prison; and we then returned, not to Fort-Mahon, but to the dungeon, without, however, experiencing any bad treatment.

This attempt, the boldest of which the prison has for a long time been the theatre, threw the keepers into such confusion that it was two days before they perceived that one of the prisoners of Fort-Mahon was missing: it was Desfousseux. Knowing all his address, I thought him at a distance, when, on the morning of the third day, I saw him enter my dungeon, pale, exhausted, and bleeding. When the door was closed on him he told me all his adventure.

At a moment when the guard had seized us, he had squatted down in a sort of a tub, probably used for baths, and hearing no noise, he had left his retreat: and the pole had aided him in climbing several walls; yet he always got back to the ideots' court. Day was just breaking, and he heard footstep going and coming in the buildings, for they are no where earlier than in hospitals. It was necessary to avoid the gaze of the turnkey who would soon be in the court; the wicket of a room was half open—he glided in, and was about with much precaution to roll himself in a large heap of straw; but what was his astonishment to see it occupied by a man naked, his hair dishevelled, beard long, and eyes haggard and bloodshot. The madman, for such he was, looked at Desfousseux with a

stare not on your life, or we shall be taken." He stood still, darted at him as if to attack him. A few carcasses seemed to appease him; he took Desfousseux by the hand and made him sit down beside him, heaping all the straw round him in the manner and with the gestures of a monkey. At eight o'clock a morsel of black bread fell in at the door, which he took up, looked at, threw into a heap of dirt, and then picked it up and began to eat. During the day more bread was brought; but as the madman was asleep, Desfousseux seized and devoured it, at the risk of being himself devoured by his terrible companion, who might have been enraged at the abstraction of his pittance. At twilight the madman awoke, and talked with inconceivable volubility; night came on and his excitement sensibly increased, and he began to leap about and make hideous contortions, shaking his chains with a kind of pleasure.

In this appalling situation Desfousseux waited with impatience until the madman fell asleep to go out at the wicket. About midnight, hearing him move no longer, he advanced one leg then the other, when he was seized by the madman with a powerful grasp, who threw him on the straw and placed himself before the wicket, where he remained till day-light motionless as a statue. The next night another attempt, and another obstacle. Desfousseux grew distracted, employed his strength, and a tremendous struggle ensued: Desfousseux, being struck by his chains, and covered with bites and blows, was compelled to call for the keepers. They mistaking him at first for one of the madmen who had got loose, were also about to put him in a cell; but he managed to make himself known, and at length obtained the favor of being brought back to us.

After making his escape from the galley-slaves, amongst whom he is doubly ironed, we find Vidocq mixing in a funeral procession, deceiving the multitude into a notion that he is one of the mourners; and again, in a mysterious rencontre, narrowly escaping capture.

On reaching the cemetery, I advanced in my turn to the edge of the grave, and after having cast a handful of earth on the coffin, I separated from the company by taking a circuitous path. I walked on for many hours without losing sight of Toulon, and about five o'clock in the evening, just as I was entering a grove of firs, I saw a man armed with a gun. As he was well clad, and had a game bag, my first thought was that he was a huntsman; but observing the butt of a pistol projecting from his girdle, I feared that I had met with one of those procreants, who, at the sound of the cannon, always seek the country in search of the runaway galley-slaves. If my fears were just, flight was unavailing; and I was perhaps best to advance rather than retreat. This I did, and on approaching him sufficiently close to be on my guard in case he should show any hostilities, I asked the road to Aix.

"Do you want the high road or the bye-way?" said he with peculiar emphasis.

"Oh either, no matter which," I answered; hoping by my indifference to remove his suspicions.

"In that case, follow this path, it leads to the station of the 'gend'armes; and if you do not like travelling alone, you can avail yourself of the escort."

At the word "gend'armes" I turned pale, and the stranger, perceiving the effects his words had produced, added, "Come, come, I see you are not over anxious to travel on the highway. Well, if you are not in a great hurry, I will conduct you to the village of Pourieres, which is not two leagues from Aix."

He seemed so well acquainted with the locality, that I availed myself of his offer, and consented to follow him. Then, without stirring, he pointed out a clump of bushes, where he hid me await his joining me. Two hours passed before he finished his guard, and he then came to me. "Get up," said he. I obeyed, and when I thought myself in the thickest of the wood, I found myself at the borders of it, about fifty paces from a house, in front of which were seated several gend'armes. At the sight of their uniforms, I started. "What ails you man," asked my guide; "do you think I will betray you? If you fear anything, take these and defend yourself;" at the same time offering me his pistols, which I refused. "Well, well," he added, and squeezed my hand, to testify how much he was satisfied with my confidence.

Concealed by the bushes which skirted our path, we stopped. I could not comprehend the motive of a halt so near the enemy. Our stop was protracted till midnight, when we saw approaching from Toulon, a mail, escorted by four gend'armes, who were relieved by the same number from the brigade whose vicinity had so much alarmed me. The mail proceeded on its journey, and was soon out of sight. My companion then taking my arm, said in an under-tone, "Let us start, nothing can be done to-day."

We then walked away in an opposite direction for about an hour, and my guide going up to the tree, clasped the trunk in his hands, and I saw that he was counting the number of notches cut by a knife—"Good, good," he ejaculated with an air of satisfaction which was to me inexplicable, and taking from his game-bag a piece of bread, which he divided with me, he then gave me a bottle whence I drank with pleasure. The collation could not have been more opportune, for I was in want of something to recruit my strength. In spite of the darkness, we walked so fast that I was tired, and my feet, long unused to exercise, had become so painful that I was going to declare it impossible for me to proceed further, when a village clock struck three.

"Gently," said my guide, stooping and placing his ear on the ground; "do not say a word; listen; with this cursed Polish legion one must always be on the watch. Did you hear nothing?" I replied that I thought I heard the footsteps of a body of men. "Yes," he added, "it is they;

stir not on your life, or we shall be taken." He had scarcely spoken, when a patrol guard came towards the thicket in which we were concealed. "Did you see any thing, you fellows?" said some one in a low tone.—"Nothing, sergeant."

"Parbleu! I thought so; it is as dark as an oven. This devil of a Roman, whom heaven's thunders crush! To make us travel all night like wolves in a wood! Ah, if ever I find him or any of his gang!"

"Qui vive? (who goes there?) cried a soldier suddenly."

"What do you see?" said the sergeant—"Nothing; but I heard a breathing on this side," and he indicated the spot where we were.

"Stuff you are dreaming. You are so much alarmed about Roman, that you think that you always have him in your cartridge-box."

Two other soldiers asserted that they had heard the same.

"Hold your tongues," replied the sergeant. "I see there is nobody, and we must once more, according to custom, return to Pourieres without having trapped our game. Come, my lads, it is time to be off." The patrol seemed disposed to retreat. "It is a ruse de guerre," said my companion. "I know they will beat the wood and return upon us in a semi-circle."

It was now necessary that I should be firm and composed. "Are you fearful?" said my guide.

"This is no time for fear," I replied.

"Well then, follow me: here are my pistols: when I fire, do you the same, so that the four shots may sound like one report. Now fire!"

The four shots were fired, and we then ran with all speed, without being pursued. The fear of falling into an ambushade had made the soldiers come to a halt, but we did not pause from our flight. On getting near an isolated hut, the stranger said to me, "It is now day-light, and we are safe," and then leaping the pales of the garden, he took a key from the hollow trunk of a tree, and opening the door of the cot we immediately entered.

Spirit of English papers.

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

LONDON, DEC. 5.—The melancholy event of the death of the Earl of Liverpool was not known in London yesterday till after our paper had been put to press. We communicated it, however, to the largest part of our impression. His Lordship expired at Combe Wood, between 11 and 12 o'clock. He had been in his usual state—no symptoms of speedy dissolution had been perceived. But soon after breakfast he was attacked with spasms and convulsions. The Countess of Liverpool, and his brother, the Hon. Cecil Jenkins, were in the room with him—and the attendance of his medical advisers, who resided in the neighbourhood, was immediately required. The last struggle, if painful, was happily but short, for before the medical attendant arrived, he had breathed his last.

Perhaps we were wrong in applying the epithet melancholy to his Lordship. The paralytic attack which took place nearly two years ago was of such a nature, that it did not afford the least chance of recovery. It destroyed the powers of the mind, but not so completely as to render his Lordship unconscious of the hopelessness of his situation. By him, therefore, death must have been considered as the welcome visit of a friend. He could not desire to live, and he could not fear to die.

We are now to take a view of him as a public man, and had for so many years performed so prominent a part in the affairs of this great country. He seemed born to be a statesman. From the beginning of his career he did not mix in the common-place business of life—he had no relish for those amusements and occupations which other men pursue with such eagerness. He looked upon life as a gift bestowed upon him, with the condition that it should all be devoted to the service of his country. It was all devoted, and his disorder, the effect of his unremitting labours, proved how thoroughly that condition had been fulfilled. His first speech in Parliament, at the early age of twenty-two, gave the promise of his future fame. We heard it, and we do not forget the effect it produced upon the House. Maiden speeches are often eloquent, but seldom display any great depth of political knowledge or any powerful grasp of power. But Lord Liverpool's first speech was the speech of a man who had studied the state of Europe—the relations which each nation bears to other nations—the alliances which their welfare or their safety requires them to make—the checks which it is necessary to establish, in order to curb the overbearing ambition of any particular power—and the policy which the dignity of this country required it to pursue at a period of such great and increasing difficulty and importance.

But Lord Liverpool's rise to the highest offices in the State was not rapid. Ten years nearly elapsed from his entrance into Parliament, before he had a seat in the Cabinet. In 1801 upon the nomination of Mr. Addington to the post of Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool was appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in which capacity he negotiated the preliminary peace of Amiens with France. The short interval between the death of Mr. Pitt, and the accession of Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool continued a Cabinet Minister. Upon the re-ascension of Mr. Perceval he became Prime Minister, in which eminent station he remained till the termination of his political career.

What gigantic events filled that space, are too well known to render it necessary for us to dwell upon them. That any man, Mr. Pitt always excepted, could have been selected more equal to the difficulties of the crisis, we do not believe. He combined, in an extraordinary degree, firmness with moderation. He possessed an eloquence, which, if it did not reach the highest points of excellence, always impressed the hearer with a conviction of the sincerity and patriotism of the speaker. His measures were the result of deep deliberation—he weighed them carefully, but when he adopted them, he pursued them with indefatigable resolution. God bless the soul of this State was often involved in storms and tempests, and a less firm mind might have sunk under the difficulties of the crisis—his dependancy formed no feature of his character—he never despaired of his country and he saved it. If the use of his services as Prime Minister amid the war of shameless ambition, clouds, and lightning, and thunder, it is not surprising that he should have died in glory.

In debate he was vehement, but not personal. He did not seem to have any angry feelings in his composition towards his rivals. In every way

tion their attacks or personal their insults. "Sincerity was apparent in every measure he adopted, and in every speech he made. He never refused to others the tribute of applause which he thought they deserved; and his gentlemanly deportment, untroubled by the coarsest personalities against him, has often disarmed his fiercest adversary.

Such was the Earl of Liverpool. If this be the language of panegyric, it is also the language of sincerity. It is the tribute of one who knew him well, and who knew his long-cherished will maintain that a sounder Statesman—a more thoroughly anxious for the prosperity and honour of the people—a more devoted friend to the Constitution of his country, as established in Church and State, never existed.

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.—The following curious anecdote is given in the *Quarterly Review* that arrived on Tuesday.—Some years ago an inhabitant of Madrid, who had been reduced by misfortune to a state of indigence, thought fit to leave his country for America, in the hope of mending his fortune. He left it at Madrid, to whom he afterwards transmitted several sums of money, by means of a mutual friend, to whose charge she was left. By and by the remittances ceased, and the wife received an official notice of her husband's death. The husband, in the mean time, received an official notice of the death of his wife, and in his grief for her loss, entered a convent. Years rolled away; the rebellion in America broke out—the monks were banished—and the afflicted husband was compelled to return to Spain. On his return to Madrid what was his surprise to meet with his wife! She was again married. It appeared that his friend had embroiled some of the remittances, and to avoid explanation, had contrived to persuade each party of the other's decease. His death which had subsequently taken place, rendered the elucidation of this strange affair no small difficulty. An investigation will take place to ascertain whether one or other of the parties has not acted wittingly; and, in the mean time, the husband has been sent to a convent, and the wife has retired to a nunnery.

SUICIDE.—On Saturday morning last, a young man named William Jessup, an apprentice to Messrs. Anderson, drapers of the town, committed suicide under the following strange circumstances. It appears that the young man was of a nervous disposition, and that some time ago he indulged in fits of despondency, owing to a family misunderstanding. But this feeling had long since subsided, and he was generally remarkably cheerful, joining his companions in their mirth, and manifesting no signs of melancholy or oppression. The last month, however, he again appeared to give way to a melancholy, which it seems he strove to shake off. On Friday last, he was conversing with a customer in the shop, and remarked that he had dreamed the night before that the world was at an end; she asked him if he was prepared for such an event, when he replied jokingly, and apparently in a laughing mood—"No, I shall be to-morrow."

On Friday night he played several games of cards with his apprentices, partook of a hearty supper, and went to bed, without betraying any aberration of intellect. The following morning he appeared as usual—cheerful and happy. After breakfast, of which he partook heartily, he was joined by one of his companions selecting a rope; the young man said to him in a joking strain—"What, Jessup, are you going to hang yourself?" and the deceased replied "No, I should think I am not tired of my life yet." He then laid down the piece of rope. Soon afterwards he was sent to a warehouse occupied by Messrs. Anderson, in West street; he was going down to that place, but there was something peculiar in his manner or appearance. After entering the warehouse, it seems that he piled up some boxes, selected a piece of cord which he tied twice round his neck, and fastened the other end to a beam. He then threw himself off the boxes, and it is conjectured died instantaneously.—*English Paper.*


ROBERT AT THE PRINCE DE POLIGNAC'S.—Yesterday between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, one of the friends of the Prince, the French Ambassador, on going to the plate-chest in the butler's pantry, for a service of dinner plate for the use of his Excellency's children, discovered that the whole of its valuable contents had been stolen; he also observed at the same moment that a drawer in the same room, in which plate was likewise deposited, had been forced open and plundered. Among the stolen articles were a number of tea-spoons, a silver service, a number of silver hand-waivers, two sauce-boats, one crucifix, five dozen forks, 24 table-spoons, one soup-ladle, three gravy spoons, 18 gilt knives and forks, 16 gilt dessert-spoons, one small gilt soup-tureen, with stand and covers, and a number of tea-spoons. The mansion of his Excellency is in Portland-place, at the corner of Weymouth-street. The thieves got access to the butler's pantry by descending the area steps; and they left behind them two crock-pots, a phosphorus-box, a dark lantern, and a skeleton-key. His Excellency the Prince de Polignac is at present on the Continent, and the Prince and family were in the house at the time of the robbery. Buckridge and Dudgeon, two experienced officers, have impounded the premises, and communicated the result of their observations and inquiries to the Magistrate, as a preliminary to more decisive measures being taken for the discovery of the robbers.

SLEEP-WALKING.—On Saturday morning, a servant of this town surprised the family, at six o'clock, by walking down a flight of stairs in his sleep, and tapping at the back-door of a furniture shop. He inquired what he wanted, and when he returned to his room, and a light having been procured, was found groping about for his own cotton-bos—from which he was offered an empty meal, but which he refused, and taking up a gown, pointed to two holes which she was anxious to mend. In order to quiet her servant, thinking a month with the cotton-bos which she was groping about, she then turned to her room, and added that it was of no use. Another person went to her, when perceiving the difference in the voice, she exclaimed "that is a different tone—it is my mistress," which, however, was not the case, the family showing that, in this instance, she did not see the object before her, although her eyes were wide open. Upon inquiry as to what she was doing, she said she only wanted cotton, but that the other servant had been in her room and had been making a few holes in it. At the time she burst into a violent fit of laughter at some foolish remarks made by those around her.

Cut of the Small Kind
MAY be seen burning in a stove, each and every day, during the winter, to much advantage at No. 32 South 6-th street.

JOHN RICHARDS,
Pennsylvania Coal Company, No. 32 South 6-th street,
nov. 14—lawt

THOMAS GIBSON
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he keeps constantly on hand **300 DRUMS**, of all the various descriptions and of the best quality, together with every other article in the Plumbing line; such as **HATTER**



APPARATUS for bleaching, &c.
SHIP WORK done with neatness and dispatch. All
orders left at his shop, No. 71 Vine street, near the
Bank of the Northern Liberties, or at his dwelling
No. 297 Arch, one done from the corner of Eighth
street, will be thankfully received and punctually at-
tended to
june 2—th

FANCY STORE.
DENNY, No. 79 South Second Street, has

Frocks, Caps, Trimmings for Ladies' Dresses, Hair-
 ings, Laces, Corsets, and many other articles of Ladies'
 and Needle Work, all of which will be sold on the most
 reasonable terms.
 Orders for any of the above articles thankfully
 received and strictly attended to.

dec. 8-45

Insolvent Court, Common Pleas,
 March Term, 1829.
INSOLVENT DEBTORS' Bonds and Goods

At his office, N. W. corner of Eighth and Filbert streets, entrance in Filbert street. dec. 20-51

Orders left at our Office, No. 6 Minor street, running from Fifth to Sixth street, between Market and Chaguant, or at the yard, on the Schuykill, 2d wharf below Fair Mount, will meet immediate attention.

jan. 6—1f J. H. & J. M. BOLTON.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY.
CLAS. No. 15 for 1876.

TO BE DRAWN ON Friday, the 30th of January, 1929. Yates and McIntyre, Managers.
Number Lottery—625000 Raffle.

SCHEMES			
1 prize of.....	\$20,000	34 prizes of.....	\$1000
1 prize of.....	3,000	36.....	80
1.....	3,750	36.....	50
2.....	1,000	36.....	40
2.....	500	36.....	30
5.....	400	360.....	50
5.....	300	3,750.....	10

Whole Tickets, \$10, Halves, \$5, Quarters, \$2.50.
 Eighty \$1 Tickets.

Tickets and Shares for sale at reduced prices, at
RAMBOURGER'S Arcade Lottery Office, Fortin's
 own Abode, N. E. corner of Ducatur and Carpenter
 streets, back of the Arcade. Jan. 26-29


LEWIS TEESE,
HAT MANUFACTURER, No. 25

few doors below Chestnut, is daily receiving from his own Manufacture, and has now on hand, a general assortment of HATS of the latest fashions, and of the best materials and workmanship, which he will sell as low, and on as accommodating terms, as any other establishment in the United States, a wholesale or retail, for cash or city acceptances.

Merchants will find it to their interest to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere. Wholesale dealers may rest assured of their hats being made in the best manner.

Hats for the South American or West India market, are got up at the shortest notice, and all orders are attended to with dispatch, and be thankfully received.

BURTON'S
BOTTLED PORTER, ALE AND CIDER.
South West corner of Chestnut and Second streets.



W. BURTON desires to inform his numerous friends and customers, that he has now in store SOME REMARKABLY FINE Bottles of Ale, Porter and Cider, and that he shall have on hand constantly ready for exportation or home consumption.

W. B. finding himself a very great honor by bottles

much obliged by his friends not delivering
any other than his men, who are provided with printed
receipts, (in blank) to give for what are returned,
cost 18-4

MARKING PAINTING,
J. W. WILLIAMS,
NO. 23 CHESNUT STREET,
is **GRATEFUL** for past favours, respectfully
informs his friends and the public in general, that
he has just received from the artist, Painters, of
candle, fancy or historical, pledging himself that no-
thing shall be deficient as far as lays in his abilities, to
give general satisfaction.

On N. B. Sign. Ornamental painting executed on
with neatness and punctuality.
cost 18-4

PHILADELPHIA

SUSPENDER MANUFACTORY
No. 26 SOUTH FOURTH STREET.

THE subscribers respect-
fully inform their friends
and the public generally, that
they have removed their Store
to No. 26 SOUTH FOURTH
STREET.

[illegible]

colored Italian sewing silks, of the best quality, at 3 cents a skin; 50 pc. superior stout 7-4 British long-sleeved shirts; 50 pair children's grade blankets; a good assortment of British Spring callens; domestic muslin, at 12¢ each a yard; a good assortment of domestic muslins, cheap, 1 yard and three inches wide; brown sheeting muslin, at 10 cents; 4-4 fine white muslin, at 12¢; superfine, at 18¢ each a yard; cotton baile.

hows and real Italian mantuas, at 87 1/2 cents a yard, all sizes sold for 1 00; first quality black aniseed crepe, at 12 00 per piece; Canton crepes, at 8 50 a dress; a large assortment of ladies' white cotton and worsted and combi' wool hose; super Hosiis gloves; men's dn.; a few English black lace veils, from 3 00 to 5 00; 500 boxes plated horns and eyes, warranted 100 pair to the box, at 25 cents a box; 50 ps. Russian diaper, and Rus-

N. B. Auction goods by the piece, at a small advance, or cash, no credit, at No. 46 North Fourth street, above Arch.

BOARDING.
A FEW genteel boarders could be accommodated in a private family on moderate terms, at No. 24 North Fifth street.

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